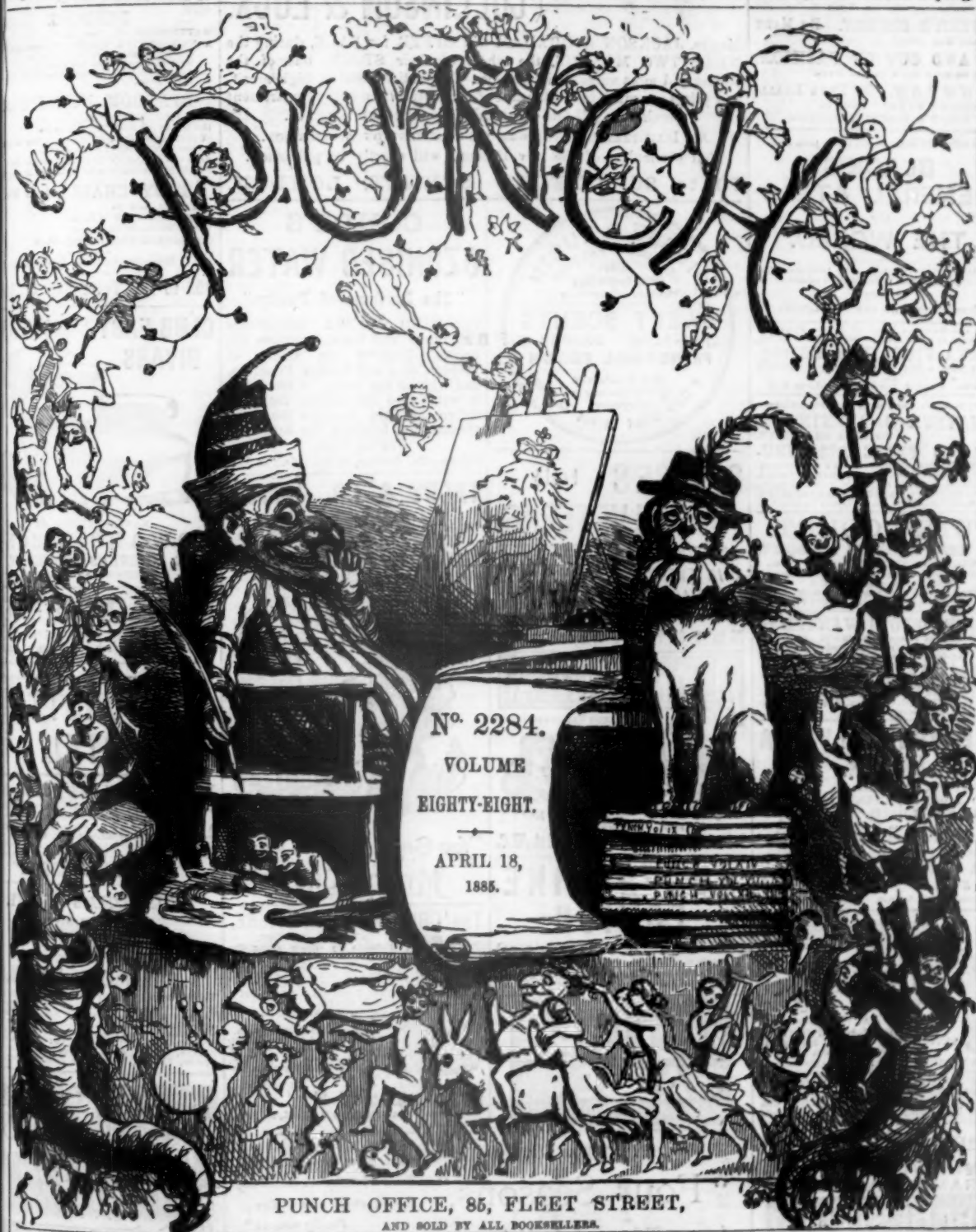


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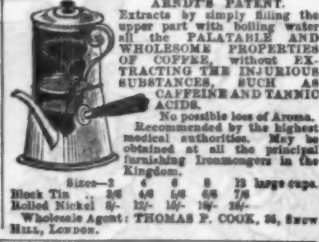
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PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY PRIZE PUPIL.

FEELING that during the present plethora of Queen's Counsel I might prove a cause of embarrassment, if not indeed sorrowful annoyance, to the LORD CHANCELLOR if I applied to him for "Silk," I determined to utilise the privilege of a "Junior" by becoming a "Coach." Of course I did not for a moment expect to rival in success so popular a "guide, philosopher, and friend," as Mr. SHEARWOOD, the learned author of a number of admirable treatises, but I trusted that with diligence and study I might perhaps be able to help some faint-hearted and faltering student to climb up that combined ladder of Roman Law, Real Property, Common Law, and Equity, which leads to that proud pinnacle in the Temple of Forensic Fame known as the degree of Utter Barrister. To carry out this laudable, and I hoped lucrative programme, it became necessary for me to learn some law myself. Owing to a variety of circumstances, I had not made the science of my profession so much my especial study as its practice, consequently I found myself a little "rusty." However, I brushed up my schoolboy knowledge of the Classics, and fiercely tackled the Latin intricacies of JUSTINIAN, filling up the remainder of my time (except that, of course, devoted to my strictly professional duties) with peeps into JOSHUA WILLIAMS' little works upon Real and Personal Property, and glances at SNELL's excellent brochure upon Equity. After two terms and a long vacation's unceasing work, I ventured to test my knowledge by securing and attempting to answer (without the assistance of my text-books) the papers set for examination in Lincoln's Inn Hall. I allowed myself double the ordinary time to compensate for my lost youth. Having completed the task, I checked my replies with the *Bar Journal* with the following not ungratifying result. I found that in Roman Law I had answered one question partly right and several incorrectly, in Real Property all the questions incorrectly, in Common Law one question nearly right and many incorrectly, and in Equity one whole question entirely right and several incorrectly. Having thus attained to what I may fairly claim to call without laying myself open to the charge of intellectual arrogance, a state of high proficiency, I ventured to insert the following advertisement in some of our leading daily papers:—

TO GENTLEMEN wishing to adopt the BAR as a PROFESSION.—

An Utter Barrister of one of the Inns of Court, of many years' standing, having a little spare time on his hands, caused by the occasional pauses in the proceedings incidental to a life employed in a most extensive Practice, is prepared to impart instruction to a few Students desirous of climbing to the loftiest heights of a noble Profession. Apply for particulars to A. B. J., Pump Handle Court, Temple, E.C.

Business being slack at the time, I waited in my Chambers for days, in expectation of receiving some answer to my announcement. For a time I was disappointed. Still, I continued sitting with my wig, gown, and bands artistically grouped around me, to suggest that, although I took Pupils, I was still actively engaged in the duties of my Profession; and my perseverance was at length rewarded by the entrance of a visitor. The person who stood before me wore a long Newmarket coat, a very tight pair of trousers, a diamond horse-shoe pin, and a curly-brimmed hat. He was smoking a very strong cigar (for which he apologised), and carried a knotted-handled stick.

"Perhaps you will allow me to explain myself," he said, seating himself on a side-table, and upsetting my brief bag and its hidden store of co-operative luxuries. I bowed and toyed with my wig.

"The fact is I have made a bet that I will pass the Bar Examination within three months. I was dining a short time ago with a lot of chappies, and an old stick, of the name of WIGLOCK—"

"Do you mean the eminent Queen's Counsel?" I asked.

"That's the party. My name's HORSELAUGH. Well, old WIGLOCK swore I knew nothing about law. I told him I knew as much as he,—and backed my opinion. Said I would pass the Bar Examination, more than he had ever done. I took him three to one that I would do the trick in three months' time. All the other chappies took me too. It looked too good a thing to miss. Well, as I am a bit short just now, I want to pull it off, if I can; so, seeing your Advertisement, and, thinking 'A. B. J.' sounded rather chirpy, I came to look you up—and, here I am."

Further inquiries brought out that my visitor and would-be pupil was a younger son of the Earl of STABLECLOTH. He seemed an energetic young gentleman, having already obtained entrance to an Inn of Court, and passed the Preliminary Examination.

"Well," said I, with a smile, "we cannot do better than commence at once. If you will kindly remove those briefs from that easy-chair, you will find a seat, and I will tell you something about the powers of a *paterfamilias*, and the full meaning of the word '*potestas*,' as shadowed forth by the Emperor JUSTINIAN."

"All right," said he. "But if you do, it must be in a Hansom. I am due at Tattersall's in half-an-hour, but if you like to come with me, we might chat it over in the cab."

And this was the commencement of our studies. Mr. HORSELAUGH turned out to be a thoroughly amiable young fellow, and I determined to do my best to help him to pass his Examination. True, his aim was scarcely to "climb to the loftiest heights of a noble Profession," being, in point of fact, rather to gain certain wagers unsanctioned by any Court of Law other than that of Honour; and yet his ambition was a noble one. I found that so general was the impression that he would fail to qualify (as much as twenty to one was offered against him freely), that it seemed certain that did he attain success, my fame as a "coach" would be established. His family were most anxious for his triumph, believing that his exertions were due to his intense desire to practise in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. Our reading had only one drawback—a serious one—that I was forced to accompany him on all his excursions. He pointed out to me that he could not really spare the time to give up any of his "engagements," so I had to test him in Personality between the races at Sandown, put him through his paces about Expressed Trusts during the pauses of a convivial Garrick Club Dinner, and see how he had progressed in Contracts when he had "out out" of a rubber at the Portland. At first this caused some slight annoyance at my private residence, and I was tried in the Court of my Hearth and Home for coming in rather late one night, or early one morning, wearing somebody else's



Rapid Progress with a Slow Coach.

hat, and clasp in my hand a supper-bill from a well-known Leicester Square Restaurant. However, my defence, so far as it went, was deemed satisfactory. I explained that I had spent the evening in attempting to teach Mr. HORSELAUGH the distinction between a Contingent and a Vested Remainder.

At length the first Day of Examination arrived. The Council of Legal Education, no doubt to show their Spartan apathy for everything outside their scholastic duties, had selected a well-known sporting "fixture" for the date of the contest. I had had some difficulty in persuading my pupil to forego the pleasures of the Turf, to be present at Lincoln's Inn, but had ultimately succeeded by getting him to back himself for what he called the "Examination Selling Stakes," for further sums of money.

On the memorable morning I overslept myself, and, consequently, did not reach the Hall of Lincoln's Inn until the Candidates had taken their places within that handsome edifice. I rather regretted this, as I should have liked to have given Mr. HORSELAUGH a few additional hints about the incidents of Common Scutage Tenure, a matter about which he knew little or nothing. Trusting that the subject would not be broached either in the papers or *visd voce*, I walked up and down in the gardens outside the Hall, awaiting anxiously the moment when Mr. HORSELAUGH would come out and give me an account of his adventures. The feeling of anxiety became so acute, that I determined to walk to my Chambers and back to kill the time of waiting. On reaching Pump-Handle Court, my admirable and excellent Clerk handed me a telegram. It was from my pupil, and was dated "Epsom"! He had preferred the Derby to the Bar, for he never again entered for an Examination!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

HER niece read out an account of the Enthronisation of the Bishop of LONDON, and in the procession were—"The Apparitor of the Dean and Chapter, the Apparitor of the Bishop—" "Don't let anyone say they don't believe in Ghosts after this!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM.



OUR LITERATES.

Principal of Theological College. "WELL, SNOOKSON, I HAVE READ YOUR PAPER, AND I'M SORRY TO SAY YOU ARE QUITE HOPELESS, AND I CANNOT POSSIBLY GIVE YOU A TESTAMUR!"

Snookson. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, THAT OF ALL THE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES I WAS EVER AT, THIS IS THE BEASTLIEST!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, April 9.—House met to-day after Easter Recess. Very small gathering. But the return of RANDOLPH makes up for the absence of many.



"Welcome, little Stranger!"

"Yes, he's come back with the violets and the primroses and the other most tender offerings of Spring," said WOLFF, gazing fondly at his revered Chief.

As for RANDOLPH, he resumed his old seat, and twirled moustache as if nothing particular had happened. Not affected even when STAFFORD NORTHCOTE rose from Front Bench, crossed the Gangway, and warmly shook his hand.

"Welcome, little Stranger!" said Sir STAFFORD. "How do, old man? Keeping up your pecker?" said RANDOLPH. And the two parted. How simple are the ways of the Truly Great!

Though attendance small, excitement great. News has come that Russia has been "going it" on the frontier. Not going to war exactly; only killing five hundred Afghans, routing the rest, and taking a fortified town. What will GLADSTONE say to this? everybody asking. Then everybody discovers GLADSTONE not present. Excitement grows. "Where is he?" asked STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. "Coming presently," replied HARCOURT. Messages by telephone and messengers in cabs despatched to Downing Street. Presently PREMIER comes in, flushed and breathless, with a great red rose stuck in his button-hole.

"He's been walking in the Temple Gardens with DE STAAL, and has plucked a red rose," ARTHUR BALFOUR whispered to SCLATER-BOOTH. "De-Penjdeh upon it, it means war."

"They'd never walk in the Temple Gardens," says SCLATER-BOOTH, positively. "It's too public a place. Besides, there are no roses there. It's too early for 'em."

GLADSTONE confirmed the worst news about Russian advance. Spoke with manifest restraint that deepened the impression. House listened in silence, asked a few businesslike questions, and then went into Committee of Supply, discussing with all its heart and soul whether a sum of £8000 should be voted on account of Sheriffs' Court Houses in Scotland, and other burning questions of similar character.

Long discussion on vote for new Admiralty and War Offices. Sir PEEL led opposition. When division became imminent, left Front Bench and went over to Irish camp, openly soliciting aid.

"Which way is the Government goin' to vote?"

JOSEPH GILLIS asked, with his judicial air.

"For the estimate, of course," said Sir PEEL. "Then we'll go agin 'em," said J. B.; and they did.

Business done.—Some votes in Civil Service Estimates.

Friday.—Only thirteen Questions on the paper to-night, the odd one being Irish. Consequence was that before Five o'Clock House in Committee mending Seats Bill. Explanation of absence of Irish Questions found in fact of absence of Irish Secretary and Solicitor-General. Here's an obvious hint for the House. Double salaries of these two Ministers, and invite them to reside in Dublin during the Parliamentary Session. Beg to give notice that I shall move this on Civil Service Estimates on Vote for Salaries of Irish Law Lords.

Business done.—A long dull night, hammering away at the Seats Bill, which gets a little forrader.

A CAT-ASTROPHE.

[A Mr. ASHTON, living in London, was recently attacked by his own cat and two others, and so severely injured that he had to be taken to the Hospital.]

Good people all who keep a Cat,
A black, or white, or tabby,
Henceforth be careful what you're at,
Nor be your conduct shabby.
You hear the Pussies out at nights,
With voices loud and raucous,
Well, they're discussing feline rights,
A regular Cat Caucus.

Grown bold with speeches, next we find
Their conduct waxing ruder,
Three Cats attacked, with rage unkind,
A masculine intruder.
They covered both his hands and face
With horrid wounds and scratches,
They routed him with deep disgrace,
And left his clothes in patches.

Take warning then from this man's fate,
Nor bid the Cats defiance,
But rather try to formulate
The terms of an alliance.
Three Cats alone it seems began,
By raising wheals and blisters,
What if they join, 'gainst tyrant Man,
The band of shrieking Sisters!



THE M'GOSCHEN IN HIS CELEBRATED SWORD DANCE.

"Mr. GOSCHEN has been adopted by a majority as Liberal Candidate for the North-East Division of the City of Edinburgh."—*Daily Paper.*

"BLACKTHORN WINTER."

ALL Fools' Day has surely passed,
So that April should have come;
Yet still blows the keen March blast.
O'er the moon is glamour cast,
Or the Calendar a hum?

Lark has no man seen of late
Soaring as he sings on high.
There a cheerless, desolate,
Doleful, dreary cloud of slate
Colour, all o'er spreads the sky.

Ne'er a throbbing pipes a note;
No, nor e'en the missel-thrush,
"Storm-cock" mute; a tuneless throat
Is the blackbird's, dove in cote
Cooes not—quite too cold to gush.

All the juicy slugs and snails,
Which supply the songsters' food,
Lie benumbed with bitter gales;
Hushed are birds whose banquet
Fails,
Now in no melodious mood.

Swallows, by migration due,
Should be hither on the way,

And the *Times's* cuckoo, too.
Their arrival they may rue;
Where they are had better stay:

Lest pneumonia lay them low,
Or bronchitis, and in head
They catch cold; their noses, so,
If they had, but they have no
Regular noses, would be red.

Turn, East Wind, to right about;
Nip no more our opening flowers.
Cease, Catarrh, to all the snout:
Time it is, ye clouds, to spout
Mild and genial April showers.

WALES IN IRELAND.

(Our Own Extra-Special Correspondent in Ireland.)

Dublin Castle, the Green Room, North Wing.

"Av coorse, Mr. O'ROONEY," sed the Prince to me, quite affable-like, "ye comes with me. I'm goin' for a little airin' in the Sister Isle; and sure I couldn't git on at all at all without ye."



Mr. O'Rooney, Our Special.

And, with thim simple words, the bargain was made—and here I am, with me fut on me native mud, and me heart burstin with love and loyalty. It isn't for the likes av me to tell ye av all the preparations—how the "Harp that wanst" was tuk down from Tara's halls, and how "the Sir" played on it, and how he sported the Shamrock, larnt to twirl his shillelagh, toss off the contents av a Cruiskeen Lawn, gos-ther with a Soggarth Aroon, gallivant with the Colleens (that came aisy to him), and, like a thrue Prince, sware by the "Great Powers" av MOLL KELLY. Suffice it to say that the M-l-h House rehearsals wint to me complete satisfaction, and the Illustrious graciously attinded to me instructions. Through the O'ROONEYS havin' been Kings av Connaught in th' ould times, I was on tarns av frindliness with the Royal Visitor, and, though I do say it, so far he does me complete credit.

I find you a dairy av all our doins and sayins.

Euston. Wednesday Night.—All the Ambassadors and Prime Ministers av the world come to wish us "God Speed,"—the Imperor av Germany sendin' Count MUNSTER, and the other powers Counts LEINSTER, ULSTER, and CONNAUGHT. We rush through Rugby, scream past Crowe, and the Flying Irishman sweeps us, steamin' and pantin', into Holyhead, just as I had managed to impart the rudiments av "Spoil Five" to the staff, an' was doin' well with a plungin' Equerry.

Lovely passage. The Prince practised nis jig with the crew av the Captin's jig; sorra' say-sarpint annoyed us thro' St. Patriek havin' banished thim from the Irish Channel, but the little fishes came up now and thin (as they used to do whin MILES-NA-BOUCHICAVLT ferried EILY across to Muckross Head) to take a peep at the Princess, and wonder how beautiful she was! Loyal soles, ivery wan av thim! In the mornin' I was up early an' up aloft, and signalled to the Squadron. "Boys, the Hill av Howth has its Ireland's eye on ye. Fire, ye divils!" And thin the poundin' began, and caught up the echo of the cheerin' that swept over the waves to us from the shore. The first man aboard was Admiral DE HORSEY, head of the de Horsey Marines, and him and all the other Admirals conversed with us, until the Lord Liftinant—the great Barbarossa himself (no relation to that spalpeen O'DONOVAN ROSSA I needn't say)—came up and welcomed the Royalties to Irish soil. On him and the bould Corporation of Kingstown the Princess flashed a sweet smile. It was like a bright ray av sunshine that gleamed and glinted against the purple say, an' it rippled right up to Bray-head, an' awoke all Dalkey, and stole up the brown sides of the "Three Rock" an' the "Sugar Loaf" like the first breath av Spring! It fairly fluttered the dove-cots av the sintries at the Pigeon House, and set their pigeon-breasts throbbin' with excitement, and b'lieve me, Sir, a sweet smile from a pretty woman, be she pisint or Princess, knows how to find its delightfully deluderin' way to soft Irish hearts.

Then out steps the Kingstown Commissioners, an' they says their say; and the Illustrious replies. I had me rough draught hid in me hat, but sorra word or prompt he wanted,—it's himself has the quiet an' aisy with him, I tell you! So to Westland Row—(only twenty minutes, so I hadn't time to do much with that Equerry,—but I have hopes)—where brave DICK MARTIN, Prisdint av the Citizens' Reception Committee, ups and says beautiful things, and hopes that the Prince would buy the ould ancestral Castle of the

O'ROONEYS, an' come over an' hunt, fish, shoot, race, dance, live, laugh, an' lay stones, an' lay the spirit av rebellious vulgarity. To him an' to Mr. EDWARD GUINNESS, at wanst the slimmest and yet stoutest of loyalists, the Illustrious responded; an' the little touch about "the country where courtesy an' hospitality have ever been the characteristics of the people," raised a cheer that rattled down Brunswick Street. In a corner I noticed sivinteen good men an' true, who had made a zebra for themselves. They were the sivinteen loyal Councillors av the Corporation, and they were the cyanide of potassium,—I mane, the cynosure of patriotism, an' all eyes.

"Sweet sivinteen!" said the Prince, smilin' at thim. An' indeed thim Corporate Cherubs deserve honourable mention, as you shal see in due coorse.

One o'Clock.—Streets crowded, banners wavin', loyalty triumphant! Wan ould applewoman an' three dismissed Secretaries of Provincial Land Leagues, discovered speechless in the gutter. Interrogated, they are understood to say that they are "presarvin' a 'spectful n'tral'ty." We lunch at the Castle. (As we do this every day, and generally retire there between the shows for a wash and a brush-up, I propose to save time by borrowin' a metamorphosis from Chess, and simply recordin' "Castles" for the future. Me friend, Herr SUGARTONGS, approves av this concise journalistic gambit.) The Di-Spencer av hospitalities in fine form, Adykongs flourishin' about, lovely Shebeens (Irish for Hebes), handin' round cups, liveried Leprechauns waitin' on us, long-banished Banshees fittin' about, a musician playin' with a Falconer's voice on the Dublin Recorder (a musical instrument peculiar to the Green Isle, and particularly to Green Street), sivinteen gold plates laid for the Corporators, and SPENCER'S "Fairy Queen" doin' the honours right Vice-royally! There's a sketch of a Royal luncheon with lashins an' lavins for you!"

At last time was up, the Equerry an' I gobbled up the last delicious savoury—*Savourneen deelish* they call it over here—shaughraned to the Illustrious—an ancient form of Celtic salutation—and with a final three times three, an' a "Tip—Tip—Tip—erary!" we went off to the Cattle Show.

Passin' the deserted and dissolute Mansion House, we noticed a melancholy pair in the top story lookin' the picture av despair, the new flag (only a week old) was doin' a little furtive flap on its own account whin it thought the Lord Mayor wasn't lookin', but we sang "Bye, bye, Baby Bunting!" and away with us to Ball's Bridge. BALL wasn't at home, but his bridge was, and here we met all the brave boys and purty girls av Dublin Town, the wits av the "Sheridan" and the University, the Rakes of "Kildare Street," the soldiers from Stephen's Green, the Friendly Brothers, the still unchristened Sackville Streeters, an' the sivinteen Municipalities. Such le'pin' an' jumpin' never was seen. Fences as high as Nelson's pillar-post-office, the glory of Sackville Street, an' brooks as broad as the Dodder were crossed like—well, like cheques whether they were "negotiable" or not, and thin we went to the Shorthorns. Here I encountered a dilemma. Sorra entry had been made in this class, and not a horn or tail, long or short, was to be seen.

The Lord-Liftinant was looking cross, Mr. GIBSON was growlin', and Mr. PLUNKETT peroratin' profusely, Lord POWERSCOURT weepin' like his own waterfall, the uncrowned King HARMAN, and Lord ARDILLAN, who came over with the Cong-quest, were in despair, and all the rest av the quality, the MURPHIES, the DOOLIES, an' RANNIGANS at their wits' end. But a quick word in the ear av Sir JOHN BARRINGTON did it, and whin we reached the pen, sure enough there were sivinteen stall-feds standin' with their backs to us. They looked as if their skins didn't fit them, to be sure, but anyhow they stood the proddin' an' the *riod voce* criticisms passed on them, an' as we drove home I secretly scored another good mark in favour of the loyal and devoted sivinteen.

Thursday.—We go slummin', an' find ourselves in the dirty depths av the Coombe. Save us! What sights an' smells!

"Ye perceive, Sir," sez I, with a twinkle, "that this isn't a Honey Coombe, anyhow!"

But the Prince, though he smiled, spoke grave and solemn.

"It's no laughin' matter, TIM O'ROONEY. Poverty an' bad housin' are enemies that I've been tryin' to destroy in London, an' maybe I'll tackle them here. I'm obliged to Mr. HEALY for his suggestion." (This was, av coorse, annoyin' to the other TIM.) An' he ran up a rickety staircase, an' when we got up, it was a case of stare, I tell you! Howanever, for man, woman, an' child the Illustrious had a soft word; and so pleasant was he, that I had great difficulty in preventin' Mrs. O'MULLIGAN, the sub-lessee of a wan pair back in No. 14, from embracin' the Royal Visitor.

"Sure this is my drawin'-room," sez she, "and, wanst I'm

• We have no doubt of our Correspondent's Celtic terminology being perfectly correct, but are the "Shebeens" and "Leprechauns" exactly what he represents them? Mr. O'ROONEY is the soul of honour and integrity, and we wouldn't call in question any statement of his for a moment. He may accept our distinct assurance on this head, and need not trouble himself to call at our office, or send a friend, as we shan't be back in town again for some time.—En.



"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

Artist (gazing on the bare Easel, after having sent his Picture to the Academy). "WILL IT BE HUNG!"

printed, I'll take the starch out av all the other ladies up this Court!" We escaped, an' wandering through the dens that huddle round the base of St. Patrick's grey arches and towers, came on the Model Lodging Houses. Ireland is an artistic country, an' these nate villas was built to hold the various models, male and female, used by the painters and sculptors, and generally what they call "the Artist-an' class." Sir THOMAS JONES, P.R.H.A., walked round with us, explaining the Models.

"I should like to see all these poor folk at work," said the Illustrious, thoughtfully; and then Sir THOMAS showed him how to drop a penny in the slit av the letter-box, an' sure enough the Models worked. The Prince was delighted, an' sez to me, in a whisper, "Tim, that's quite *Coombe il faut*." An' I laughed, av course, knowin the Italian language well. Glanced at the Labourers' Cottages, but the Labourers were all out, layin' down a crimson carpet on the bed av the Liffy; and I saw me Illustrious Frind would be disappointed, not findin' the Celebrities at home. I promptly engaged him in a bargain for some red horrin's an' scrap iron as mementoes, while I hurried off a trusty Adykong with a secret despatch. Result, when we reached the first cottage, there, in rags and tatters, was seated sivinteen typical labourers, all busy makin' Limerick hams and lace, weavin' poplin, distillin' whiskey, an' carvin' ows out av bog oak! The Prince gives each honest soul half-a-crown, and then—"Castles."

Two o' Clock. *Levee*.—I lunch off a private *entrée* reserved and served on a gold plate for myself, and then join the crowd. "Odds, Swords, and Silk Stockin's!" as me ancestor, Sir LUCIUS O'ROONEY, used to say, but it is a gran' sight! The soldiers and sailors bringin' custom to the tinkers and tailors in gettin' up their bravery, the Irish Bar singin' "*Wigs on the Green*," the Provost av Trinity College in a new cocked hat an' with the Book of Ballymote under his arm,† an' Dukes an' Bishops, residents

* Highly interesting: a hint for Holland Park.—Ed.

† "Hoods of Colleges" in our day were not usually so adorned; however, Irish University Reform is a subject on which our Correspondent is well-informed. So we will not interfere—yet.—Ed.

an' absentees, an' all the quality squeezin' an' crushin' an' crowdin' to show their legs an' their loyalty to our Future King! There wasn't a hitch, not even among the naval officers, till we came to the door av the Prisenoe Chamber, and then the boys were compressed like air in a pop-gun. At intervals the door opened; Pop! Bang! a solid lump of *Levee-ists* was shot into the Prisenoe! Then the lump disintegrated itself, and its particles resolved themselves into bows and scrapes and crab-like waddles. Wan av these lumps described a graceful parabola, and fallin' right at the Royal feet, splintered into sivinteen pieces, and there were the brave Corporators! "United we fall, divided we stand," they said, as they picked themselves up and made their beautiful bows. I noticed that each of them wore a new decoration, consisting of a brand-new half-crown slung on a blue ribbon, but how they got that half-crown, or what it signified, is a mystery that at this present writin' I dare not divulge.

After "Castling" with the Equerry, I looked in at the Alexandra College, where Miss LA TOUCHÉ and all her wise and merry maidens welcomed the fairy godmother of their big school. There I met nine real live Girl Graduates in hoods an' caps an' gowns! (The other girls wore gowns, too, but these gowns were—you understand.) The Nine Muses couldn't hold a candle to them, but, b'lieve me, these omniscient colleens had burnt many a candle in quest av the Muses before they dared to call themselves "Bachelors." I venture to suggest to Miss LA-LOOK-but-you-mustn't-Touche—the Dowager Don present—that "Spinsters of Art" would be correcter like; but, with the spirit of *Lydia Languish*, they all laughed at me, scorned the suggestion, and, with one voice, exclaimed "BA!"

The Visit a downright success, and I hereby record that ALEXANDER THE GREAT never won so great a triumph over his foes as did ALEXANDRA THE FAIR over her girl-friends' hearts in the College that bears her name. It's the blessed truth I'm tellin' ye. "Castles," and dress for Drawin' Room.

Friday Night.—The Drawin' Room a great draw—all me cousins and aunts the HEGARTYS av Ballysoran came up for it, and brought th' ould yaller chariot with them that hadn't been used since the days av the Union. The HEGARTYS is a proud lot, and was all as rich as ould CRESOTE long ago, but through the bad times an' the Famine, and the Fenians and Mr. PARWELL and his pack av Irish terriers brought them low in the world, up they would come with the other ancient tribes to make their bows in St. Patrick's Hall. Right well they looked as with noddin' plumes and excursion trains these ancient dames of high degree dropped their curtsies before the QUEEN's beautiful daughter-in-law. They were that happy that I b'lieve they'd have shaken hands with a Land Commissioner, and proud they were to read the account av their dresses in the morrow's paper. "Miss PENELOPE HEGARTY's train an' cortege av raal gros Corney Grain de poulte de poplin profusely plastered with ixpensive boulevards de Irish point"—and so on. I disremember the queer way they talk about petticoats at Court—"feathers and lappets," I should think so indeed! The ostrich that furnished me Aunt PENELOPE's superstructure must av caught his death av could, or hid his head in the sand with shame at the dismensionable figure the poor devil must have presented to all the other ostriches. "Ornaments: garnets" (in compliment to our Ginerall), "raal Irish diamonds, an' bog oak." "Miss BIDEA HEGARTY, same as sither." That was a document to be preserved in the muniment room at Ballysoran! See there now! Forty Addresses from Corporations, Colleges, an' States of Larnin' an' Art! I just gave them wan reply to divide amongst them. Left Provincial Mayor squabblin' over the last corner av it with all the energy in his corporate body, and—"Castles." Laid a foundation-stone, and then off with me to make a Bachelor av a Princess! The Girls gracefully draped the crimson and white round the Illustrious Lady; and there at last was a real *Princess Ida* for you! "Hip, hip, hurrah for the first Royal Mus. Bac!" We all cheered, and then, at a sign from me, Aunt PENELOPE, the Duke of ABERCORN, an' Miss MULVANY, B.A., led off the strain of "*Come Mus. Bac. to Erin, dear Princess, Mavourneen!*"

Saturday.—Docks an' dinners an' meanderin' with Mr. MAHAFFY. Quiet day, but all want to the entire satisfaction of your Reprisentative, who, havin' played the opening week game, now proposes to rest, and, by your leave, "Castles" till the next move, av which you shall hear in due course.

* We don't doubt a word of it. It bears the stamp of truth on the very face of it.—Ed.

TACT.—The AMEKE must be a singularly diplomatic person, if it be true, as reported, that he appeared, out of compliment to the English, in a Russian uniform.

SWEETS FOR SOLDIERS.—The Jam in the Rifle.



DEFEND YOURSELF FROM YOUR FRIENDS!

THAT KIND-HEARTED FELLOW, LOONEY, ALLOWS A LITTLE PICTURE (BY A PROMISING YOUNG FRIEND OF HIS ABROAD) TO BE EXHIBITED IN HIS STUDIO, ALONG WITH HIS OWN MORE IMPORTANT WORKS.

"ONLY HIS PLAY!"

"'ONLY his play!' What! that murderous hug!"
Cries the suffering Wolf, with an agonised shrug.
"If the Lion accepts explanation so lame
As 'It's only his play!' and can't see Bruin's game;
Then, in spite of his roar and his warlike display,
I shall think my friend Lion is also at play."

THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW'S NEWS;

OR, WHAT NEXT?

(Very Newest Panic Style. N.B.—For further Illustration see Sensational Press of the hour.)

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

RECEPTION OF THE INTELLIGENCE IN THE LOBBIES.

THE reception of the intelligence in the Lobbies was, says the *Morning Steam-Roller*, even to those intimately acquainted with what may be termed the more family aspect of Parliamentary life, quite startling in its intensity. For the first five hours nobody could be got to believe it; and though several Members who had just seen the PRIME MINISTER calling wildly for smelling-salts, with blanched cheeks and his hair standing on end, went raving towards the waterside Terrace, with their teeth chattering in an agony of terror, they were merely locked out by order of the HOME SECRETARY, who apparently not yet in the secret, imagined that some excellent practical joke had been played upon a few distinguished foreigners visiting the Strangers' Gallery by a well-known high-spirited Radical below the Gangway. Later, however, as the real truth began to get known, the effect in every portion of the building was electrical. Conservatives and Liberals alike, Members of the Government and leaders of the Opposition, staggered towards the tea-room, weeping like children, and shaking each other's hand in silence. Perhaps the most striking, certainly the most characteristic

scene of all, was that supplied by a little picturesque crowd of reporters standing mutely round the prostrate form of the SPEAKER, who, having gone completely off his head, was quietly seated on the pavement, holding his wig under his arm as he endeavoured, with evident effort, but with an appealing smile, to whistle a portion of the bass of "*Rule, Britannia!*"

THE ACTIVITY AT THE ADMIRALTY.

As soon as the true position of affairs began to be fully realised this morning at the Admiralty, not a moment was lost in taking every possible step to hasten on some scheme for the consideration of precautionary measures, without further delay. Orders were at once sent to Portsmouth to refit the *Victory*, and purchase, and put into immediate commission as many of the vessels of the Ryde Steam Packet Company as could be regarded sea-worthy, and available for immediate active service against a powerful Iron-clad Fleet in the North Pacific. Favourable reports were received later in the day from Plymouth, where it is understood that, with the number of extra hands now taken on for over-time work, the *Cumbrous*, *Glutton*, *Swamper*, and *Styx*—all the bottoms of which had, owing to some trifling defect in their construction, suddenly come out during the progress of their respective trial-trips on the measured mile—will be ready for sea in the course of the next nineteen months. The patterns of the guns for these vessels, which are calculated, when chased by an enemy, to be able to steam quite seven knots an hour, are already attracting the attention of the Authorities at Woolwich; and it is confidently expected that, as soon as the vessels are afloat, experiments will be made forthwith to test their capabilities of carrying any at all.

THE FEELING IN AMERICA.

The excitement caused here by the news is tremendous, Wall Street speculators literally tearing each other to pieces, on it being reported this morning on good authority, that the entire fleet of passenger ships on all the Atlantic lines, comprising in all seventeen companies, had been purchased by the Russian Government, and paid for in advance in coupons of a new 13 per cent. loan issued at 32. The result of this announcement had a most exhilarating effect on all



“ONLY HIS PLAY.” (!!!)

“Russian force attacked the Afghans, killing 500 men.”—*Telegram, Thursday, April 9.*
“The Russian Government hope that this untimely incident may not prevent the continuance of the negotiations.” (*Laughter*).—*Mr. Gladstone, quoting M. de Giers, the same evening.*



THE LION OF THE WEST, 1111

Home Stocks, it being at once foreseen that if the whole carrying trade of the country should virtually go to the bottom of the Atlantic, native produce would command firmer and healthier prices. The fact that the British War Office have also within the last few hours bought by cable 15,000,000 tons of Canned Asparagus has caused a good effect. A long and bloody war is eagerly watched for, and will be hailed by thoughtful politicians of all parties as heralding a brisk period of unusual commercial satisfaction and prosperity.

PUBLIC OPINION ON THE CONTINENT.

THE *St. Petersburg Gazette* (semi-official), referring to the crisis, says that neither the tension on the London Stock Exchange nor the alleged dancing of the hornpipe by Mr. GLADSTONE at a Cabinet Council, are to be accounted for by such trifling incidents as the seizure of both banks of the Indus in force, and the precautionary shelling of Colombo; but it admits that in well-informed diplomatic circles it is thoroughly understood at Constantinople that if the situation becomes a little more acute (*un peu plus chaud*), the SULTAN will not only lend Russia his moral support, but cheerfully guarantee, for a small consideration, half the expenses of the opening campaign out of his own private means by notes of hand to any amount desired, payable at sight.

At Paris the news created at first some slight stir on the Bourse, the Preferred Shares of the *Compagnie des Bains de Mer Chauds Transatlantiques* showing a sympathetic downward movement, but there was a quick recovery later on, the rumour being circulated that in the event of Austro-Hungary and Germany throwing in their lot with Russia, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE would himself at once take the field with half a battery of muzzle-loading artillery and all the available troops now stationed at Aldershot.

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(By Our Own Inspector.)

No. VIII.—CORRESPONDENCE.



T may appear strange, and even incomprehensible to some, but the grievance that seems to produce a larger amount of irritability than any other is Correspondence, whether it be unnecessary, frivolous, and therefore vexatious, or illegible. This last especially is spoken of by many as causing perhaps a larger amount of profane language to be used than even brass bands.

I subjoin some specimens:—

SIR,—I am, I believe, blessed with a remarkably good temper, and I am fain to believe that I am rather singular in that respect, judging from the numerous specimens of dogged obstinacy and absurd irritability that I see around me. But my admirable temper is sorely tried by the mass of utterly frivolous correspondence with which I am deluged. I have, I regret to say, a large family connection, principally living in the country, and my wife, I even more regret to say, has a very large family connection, principally, but not exclusively, I regret to say, living in the country; and as I am naturally looked up to as the head of the family, or rather of the two families, from my presumed ample means, my spotless character, and my lofty position as a Common Councilman of the City of London, my advice is daily sought by some idiotic member of my illustrious race, upon such utterly frivolous matters that I positively rave with indignation, and reply in a way that brings me six or seven pages of pained remonstrance necessitating an ample apology. Fancy, Sir, being asked by an aged but wealthy female relative for an exact description of the dresses worn by the Sheriff's four beautiful children at the Lady Mayoress's Fancy Dress Ball, which, for certain domestic reasons, my wife was unable to attend. Of course I answered somewhat hastily and sarcastically—who would not, under

such provocation?—and back comes such a formal acknowledgment, and such ample expressions of regret at having troubled me, that I was occupied next day for hours in endeavouring to soothe her wounded feelings, and, I fear, in vain. I have lately had to enlarge my overburdened letter-box, and the weary Postman asked and obtained an extra Christmas-box for his additional labours on my behalf, and nearly the whole of it caused by such idiotic, or drivelling, or gushing rubbish as makes me ashamed of my race! C. C.

SIR,—I am a Public man—a Secretary to an important Public Company. My Board meet bi-weekly, and my first duty is to read the letters. They are numerous, and important, and require immediate attention. The time dedicated to that difficult task constitutes the plague and the terror of my otherwise very endurable existence. I am naturally of a very sensitive nature, and a word of irony or sarcasm seems at once to deprive me of the use of my ordinarily good faculties. Our Chairman is a keen, sarcastic, loud-voiced, busy man, to whom every hour is of pecuniary importance. The tray full of letters is placed before me, and my hour of agony begins. And why? Because of the shameful and utterly illegible scrawl in which many of them are written. When I arrive at one of these, I feel I am gradually losing my presence of mind, and, after one or two bad guesses, I find myself in wandering mazes lost. Why, there are some signatures to letters of importance that defy not only me, but even the Chairman, and every Member of the Board to decipher! Fancy a letter apparently with this signature, JOHN ILEYHWOGBY. If I make a guess, more or less shrewd, at the name, and commence the letter, at my first break-down the sarcastic Chairman bids me spell the word, or else skip and go on, or, as a final degradation, to pass it round, and begin another, with possibly the same result. I remember on one occasion the Chairman, being much pressed for time, was urging me on in my wild career, when, from a fearfully-written letter, I read aloud as follows:—"The goods safe to hand, but, the lard cracking, caused a leakage." A shout of laughter ensued, which was repeated when the Chairman read out: "But the bad packing caused a breakage." Ever since then, whenever I hesitate, some booby kindly suggests that it may be the "cracking lard"—and I blush with anger. Oh, Gentlemen, Gentlemen, write as you please on other matters, but, when writing on business, pray write plainly, and earn the eternal gratitude of thousands of puzzled officials. E. B.

SIR,—What are we coming to as regards Correspondence? Is legible writing to be considered one of the lost Arts, like Sculpture or Stained Glass? I am, I am proud to say, looked upon as a Philanthropist, that is to say that, having abundant means and no expensive vices, I indulge myself in the luxury of doing good. It gives me but little trouble. What I give away is a superfluity that I can well spare, and my character for benevolence enables me to move among my fellow-men with that feeling of superiority, and that look of supreme self-satisfaction, so gratifying to the soul of a true Philanthropist. I read with rapture the glowing terms of admiration with which I am addressed by the needy crowd of applicants for my bounty, my one grievance being the almost illegible handwriting in which they are sometimes expressed. To such an extent does this prevail, that I have almost resolved in future to consign such effusions to the waste-paper basket without any attempt to decipher them, but then who can tell what sad cases I might neglect, or what rapturous effusions of gratitude I might lose!

Some two years ago I purchased the very largest Album that money could procure, and I cut out from the numberless letters I receive all the warm effusions and rapturous appellations, and the almost reverential expressions that flow so abundantly in response to bank-notes or cheques, in token of almost abject gratitude for favours received, and, possibly, for more to come, and these I carefully insert in my "Album of Gratitude," as I have rather prettily named it, and which forms a rather striking feature on my drawing-room table, and to the perusal of which I dedicate many leisure hours. I should like, if you can afford me room, to give you a specimen of what I have to endure in endeavouring to read applications from Ladies, but if not, my remonstrance may still be productive of some good to myself and my brother philanthropists. From obvious motives I decline to sign my name.

Specimen.

HIGHLY HONOURED SIR,
Knowing your symphony is a very good work, I appeal to your highness with security that I may add a trophy to help me to publish it at home for that most malignant and overclouded race neither in lace, when they expend their ruminating, fearful days, far from the worry of indigestion, born of misguided samaritans and of muslin daughters, &c., &c.

Who could have believed that this proved to be an appeal to my sympathy on behalf of an Institution for the maligned and misunderstood race of Mothers-in-law, where they might spend their remaining peaceful days free from the worry and ill-disguised scorn of misjudging Sons-in-law, and of misled Daughters?



CANDOUR!

Mistress (catching the Butler helping himself to a Glass of "'84" Port). "JAMES!—I'M SURPRISED—"
Mr. James. "SO AM I, MU'M! I THOUGHT YOU WAS OUT!"

CAB, SIR!—Mr. Punch has to acknowledge some further contributions forwarded to him in response to his appeal on behalf of the Cabman who was disabled in assisting to destroy a mad Newfoundland dog. These donations have been placed in the hands of Mr. PARTRIDGE, Sitting Magistrate at the Westminster Police Court, who has kindly taken the case in hand. The generous Donors will be glad to hear that the case has proved to be a very deserving one, and that a substantial sum has been subscribed. The money has been judiciously applied in relieving the Cabman, his wife, and five young children from distress, and conveying them to Devonshire, where they have every hope of being able to earn a living, whilst the balance has been lodged for them in a Post Office Savings Bank.

"UP WENT THE PRICE OF MEAT!"—At that "emporium of hogs and canned beef," as the *Times* calls Chicago, the provision-mongers, having prophesied that in the event of war breaking out they would all make their fortunes, are now known as "The Prog-nosticatorers."

AFGHAN VERSION OF "J'Y SUIB, J'Y RESTE."—I Am-oor and 'eer I am!

THE BALLAD OF THE 'BUS.

(After Wordsworth.)

—A SIMPLE 'Bus,
Belonging to a London "Co."
That gets its ten per cent. with ease,
—Why should it crowd us so?

I hailed a raucous little "Cad,"—
"There's room for one!" he cried;
But when I stood upon the step,
The facts his word belied.

He bore a bag to give you change;
His voice was very loud.
The simpleton he overcharged,
And timid ladies cowed.

"Within this vehicle," I asked,
"How many may there be?"
"How many?" roughly he replied;
"Why don't you look and see?"

"But where is room? I see no room?"
My wrath I tried to smother.
He answered—"On one side are six,
And only five on t'other."

"Two of the five," I pointed out,
"Must weigh a ton between 'em;
Two others have such tattered garbs
As barely serve to screen 'em."

Then did the little "Cad" rejoin,
"Yet they are only five;
If you're a-coming by this 'bus,
I wish you'd look alive!"

"'Tis shameful," angrily I said,
"To play your fares such tricks!
If two do take the room of three,
Then surely there are six."

"You're jolly green, that may be seen!"
The rude Conductor cried;
"Until I've got twelve passengers,
I am not 'full inside'."

"I always travel in a 'bus,"
I thought it right to say,
"And frequently I'm over-pressed
In this atrocious way."

"My little bag I love to bring,
My paper here I read,
And, when there's a proper elbow-room,
'Tis very nice indeed."

"A Magistrate has just declared
You have no right to pack us,
And—ah! I see that person is
A votary of Baccus!"

"A nice quintette! The more I look
I seem to grow the sicker;
Two elephants—two more in rags—
The fifth, he is in liquor!"

"But Mr. PARTRIDGE, he will see
These wrongs are not repeated—"
'Twas wasting words, for with a frown
The 'Bus Conductor knocked me down,
And cried, "Now you are seated!"

LORD RANDOLPH was deeply impressed by his visit, when in India, to the "Towers of Silence." The effect was lasting up to a certain point, as on the first night of his re-appearance in the House he held his tongue.

No wonder the Russian news of last Thursday caused a panic in the City. War between England and Russia must naturally affect "Bulls" and "Bears."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 7.



THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES MEET FOR A BENEFIT.

ON THE RIGHT LINE?

THE encouraging news that already six complete miles of the Suakim-Berber Railway had been actually laid, and the first station at Handoub reached under the protection of only 10,000 troops, all the while well on the alert against surprise, naturally has had a favourable effect on the Preference Shares, and the first week's passenger and traffic receipts are being looked forward to with much hopeful anxiety. As, however, our old friend OSMAN DIGNA is said for the last few days to have been seen hanging about an advanced signal-box with 3,000 followers, and manifesting a lively interest in the progress of the undertaking, it is hardly reasonable that the speculating public should look for a very large dividend in the earlier days of the working of the line.

It is calculated that with three or four batteries of artillery well placed on the roofs of the carriages, one Parliamentary train, that will be timed to stop at every telegraph-post, may be got through in the day, though the opinion is freely expressed that when the line finally reaches Berber, a well-organised British army of 150,000 men will be all that will be required to insure a fairly steady service between the two termini. It may be added that, owing to a certain amount of hazard being involved in any travelling at the present moment, the Company notify that Return Tickets, in the event of any difficulties at Handoub, will be available either by captured camel or flying squadron of the enemy's cavalry.

LATEST NEWS FROM "THE THEATRE OF WAR."—The most acceptable news would be to hear of the bringing out of a really good peace which would be likely to last.

MARBLED BEEF.

Ballad for the Modern Butcher, with acknowledgments to the Shade of Bunno.

I DREAMT that I dined on Marbled Beef,
And found it the best I had tried;
And of all its good points I held this the chief,—
The figure at which 'twas supplied.
But when, as Prime English, I found it as nice,
You tried on the same old game,
And though every carcass cost you half the price,
You charged me still the same!
You charged me still the same!

TENDER, IF TRUE.

IN a recent advertisement announcing that they are willing to receive Tenders from persons who may be desirous of contracting for the removal of some portion of St. Mary's Churchyard, required for the widening of Upper Street, Islington, the Metropolitan Board of Works, through their Clerk, Mr. J. E. WAKEFIELD, furthermore add that the printed forms, supplied by the Board, are to be enclosed in sealed covers and endorsed "Tender for Removal of Human Remains." This is practical and businesslike, no doubt, but it is nevertheless sufficiently ghastly to suggest that, however much the ratepayers of Islington, many of whom are presumably related to the dead lying in the threatened churchyard, have reason to be satisfied with the contract made on their behalf by the Board, they can scarcely regard the consideration that spirited body has shown for their feelings, as remarkably Tender.

QUITE THE WRONG MAN.

(Our Own Condensed Shilling Dreadful.)

CHAPTER V.—BEHIND THE SCENES.



ACCUSTOMED as he was to the luxurious appointments of the "Bowery," and other resorts of the Transatlantic Thespis, O'DWYER was somewhat chilled (in spite of the heat of the weather) by the austere severity of our English appointments. His host, however, led the way with a nobility of manner which can only be acquired at Courts, and with a majestic deference in word and actions which somewhat amazed O'DWYER, though he had persuaded himself that his merits as a Novelist, Critic, and Poet, were being recognised by English Society.

Thus O'DWYER plumed himself as from one Lobby he passed into another, and again into a third, all with crumbling whitewash on the walls.

"Here, at last, we are!" exclaimed his guide, half raising a heavy curtain, and beckoning O'DWYER to advance. The Novelist stooped to enter below the curtain, when, suddenly, the gas went out, he was propelled from behind by a foot, applied with prodigious vigour, and, as he stumbled forward, his head and shoulders were enveloped in a black bag.

Keen narcotic fumes mounted to his dizzy brain. As he swooned he heard his late companion's voice, strangely altered, exclaim, "Ye spalpeen, we've bagged ye at last!" Then, in silvery tones, a Lady cried, "Prince FLORIZEL,* of Bohemia, is our captive."

Ten minutes later, six men, disguised as "supers" and carpenters, carried a long and heavy package to a cart that had been drawn up at the stage-door of the Mausoleum.

A man sprang on the seat, and the cart drove rapidly away.

CHAPTER VI.—THE CABINET MEETING.

NEXT morning a meeting of the Cabinet, at an extremely early hour, was held in the Premier's official residence. Though nothing more than usual had appeared in the newspapers to alarm the Public, the countenance of every British Minister present evinced, in an even unusual degree, the emotions of terror and alarm.

"Dynamite is nothing—nothing to this daring brigandage in our very midst," said one unhappy tenant of office.

"Prince FLORIZEL disappeared, lost from the heart of our very capital," exclaimed another.

"That means a quarrel with Bohemia at once," groaned the representative of the Admiralty, "and, with our phantom navy, how are we to send a fleet to 'a desert country near the sea.'"

"You are sure the Prince is missing?" said a noble Lord, eagerly.

"Not a sign of him anywhere since the day before yesterday, except that he was seen, last night, at the Mausoleum, with a Stranger."

"I always told you the Mausoleum was a Fenian man-trap," said the Home Secretary, with a groan. At that moment a three-cornered pink note was suddenly materialised, and appeared in mid-air, whence fluttering, it fell on the table.

"They have Mahatmas among them," whispered one wan Minister, deeply read in Esoteric Buddhism. "Madame BLUEWITCHSKY is in the conspiracy."

* By kind permission of Mr. R. L. STEVENSON.

The note was opened, and contained these dreadful words:—

"A trusty Messenger (must be a Cabinet Minister) wanted. Will be treated with at Z. 33, The Albany to-day. Any attempt to employ Police will result in boiling oil for interesting captive."

(Signed)

DYNAMITE DEATH'S HEAD.

Lots were hastily made, thrown into a hat, and drawn. The unlucky Minister (quite young) on whom the lot fell, set out at once, with Banknotes for five milliards, and the Concession of a Republic for Ireland, in his pocket. At hazard of war with Bohemia, Prince FLORIZEL must be ransomed at any price.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FENIANS' DEN.

IN luxuriously furnished rooms (Z 33, The Albany) three men, dressed in rose, saffron, and peach-bloom velvet smoking-suits, embroidered with monograms in the precious metals, were smoking cigarettes and drinking Kummel out of foaming silver beakers.

A low moan from a captive beneath a Chippendale sideboard, alone broke, now and again, the calm of the festive gathering. The talk was of women and of horses. Three hasty knocks and a low whistle were heard at the door. "Let him in, JACK," said the eldest of the party, "'tis the Envoy from the Cabinet."

Taking up a diamond-studded revolver in his taper fingers, the youth addressed as "JACK" opened the door.

"Come in!" he was heard to say, in a hearty tone, as if recognising an acquaintance, "glad they've sent you. Have you a good thing for the Two Thousand?" The Minister who entered had the air of a man in good society. After shaking hands with the Conspirators, whom he had often met, as he said, in happier circumstances, at Ascot and Newmarket, he took his seat and a cigarette.

"You are prepared to treat?" asked the Chief.

"Yes, five milliards, money down, and a Republic for Ireland; also a Fleet as soon as BRASSEY can get it built."

"You can't say fairer," answered the Fenian. "Between gentlemen business is soon over. Now, JACK, release and ungag His Royal Highness." JACK undid the ropes which fastened a stick between the arms and legs of the prisoner under the sideboard, who was trussed like a fowl. Then he raised him, and dragged to the light—no Prince, but WILLIAM VAN DONOP O'DWYER. All rose respectfully.

"I am sorry, Gentlemen," said the Minister, somewhat hastily replacing his Banknotes and the Concession in his pocket, "that this is a case of mistaken identity. You have been deceived by a very remarkable resemblance, but this gentleman is not Prince FLORIZEL, of Bohemia. I do not even know who he is. I wish you good day." He bowed, and was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.—FREE!

THE Fenian Chief, in whom O'DWYER now recognised the polite Stranger, advanced with stately steps to his trembling captive.

"Sir," he said, "you know too much. Your present position is more your misfortune than your fault, to be sure; but your continued existence would be prejudicial to the fortunes of the cause. You must oblige by showing how a brave man can die!"

JACK trifled with the revolver.

"First, I fear I must have you searched," the Chief went on. "Search him, JACK!" O'DWYER offered no resistance. JACK drew from his pocket the gold-bound note-book, with the crest of the O'DWYERS in blue enamel.

"My own family cognisance," said the Chief. "This is curious—and affecting," he added, seeing the name of WILLIAM VAN DONOP O'DWYER on the first page. "And what," he went on, with trembling eagerness, "is this?"

Then he read aloud the notes which, before starting for Europe, O'DWYER had made of a plot for his new sensational Novel. Here are a few of them:—

"Disguised as Grand Old Man, blow up Windsor Castle."
"Let MACDERMOTT carry off Princess ALTHEA to Zanzibar."
"Poison Bishop of London at Tea-meeting of Friendly Girls' Society."

"Why, my very dear Sir," the polished Brigand exclaimed, turning to his prisoner, "my dear Mr. O'DWYER, you are one of us! Why did you not explain all this before? Ah, I remember; the gag. What a pity; but the laws of the game, are the laws of the game! How am I to apologise for this most inconvenient occurrence? Such a very remarkable likeness between you and Prince FLORIZEL, whom we designed to kidnap. Your schemes," he added, returning the note-book, "do you infinite credit, but are beyond the scope of merely private enterprise. Let us meet to-morrow, and discuss them. But you must be longing for the comforts of your hotel. JACK, call a Hansom for Mr. O'DWYER."

Once more, but more happily, the Novelist was taken for Quite the Wrong Man!—for a Fenian this time!

In five minutes O'DWYER was free. In fifty he was speeding to Liverpool, on his way back to New York. He is determined to return, as before, to domestic American manners, and to carefully-selected uneventful incidents. He has had enough of adventurous Romance.

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SODA WATER. LEMONADE.
POTASS and LITHIA WATER.
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